

Stantoons 79

HUSBAND TRAINERS



Ms. Stella Savage looked with amusement at the man tied securely to the chair before her. "You know," She said to Nurse Kindly, "I can't believe how some of these husbands treat their wives! Can you believe Mr. Ronson here won't even go down on his Wife? The poor woman has hardly ever had an Orgasm in their three years of Marriage!"

The Nurse clapped her hand over her mouth and feigned Shock; "That's awful! I'll just see to my other Patients... Then come back and help you with this!"



Jeff Ronson couldn't believe the size of these gargantuan women. Even if he weren't tied down, there was no way he could oppose them! Ms. Savage turned away from him and raised her Skirt, thrusting her tremendous Bottom almost in his face. He gaped at its threatening vastness.

"By the time we're done with you," She said, "You'll be ready -- even eager!-- to do anything your Wife wants.... In Bed or out! Oh, it may take a while, but that's all right with me.... I love my work, Mr. Ronson!



"Now Jeff -- You mind if I call you by your First Name? We are going to be working **very close together**, after all -- the first thing we have to do is get you comfortable with the Look, the Feel, and the smell of certain parts of a Woman's Body. Can you smell me, Jeff? Br-e-e-athe in my natural Feminine Musk.... and -- heh-heh -- any other scents that might be coming from below my Belt!" She fanned a hand toward him, "Take a deep breath, Dear! Eventually, you'll come to appreciate those pungent aromas... even **crave** them!"



"You can't do this to me!" He sputtered, "I-I have my Rights!"

Stella turned and put herself very close to him. "And your Wife has her rights! She has the right to be Satisfied in bed, the right to be Served by you in any way she pleases... for as long as she pleases! The sooner you understand that, the easier this will be on you!" Her lips brushed his and he inhaled her seductive perfume. She slid a hand between her thighs. "I want us both to enjoy this, Jeff.... But mostly I want me to enjoy it!"



She returned to her former pose, shoving her expansive Bottom in his face.
"I strongly suggest you cooperate, Jeff. I could smother you with this Sitter of mine! Imagine what it would be like to have me sit on your face, pressing down on you with my Full Weight, rising up only to allow you an occasional quick gasp of fresh air! Think what it would be like to feel you lungs start to burn as you began to suffocate under my sweet, warm, girl-flesh! And then picture yourself going through that for an Hour.... or Two.... or more! You're absolutely under My Control!"



"I can do anything I want with you," She went on, "In fact, you Wife signed a Release absolving me of blame for any PERMANENT damage I might do to you. I explained that "something" might happen to your Masculine Equipment, but after what we teach you to do with your Mouth, she'll still get her Pleasure... even if you can't have any yourself!" She bent far over to smile at him between her shapely legs, "She's extremely mad about how you've treated her these last three years, and she plans to even the Score... about a Thousand Times Over!"



"Now come on," She gave her Buttock a pat, "Give me one little kiss on the cheek to get things started... You'll be kissing a lot more than that before we're through... and you don't want to get ME mad at you, too!"

"!--" He swallowed dryly, "All right... but please don't sit on me! And don't -uh- hurt me.... down there!"

Ms. Savage gauged his fear; The way he begged her not to Sit on him revealed that putting his face under her Butt would be one of the most effective methods she could use! He reluctantly pressed his lips to the silky skin of her full bottom.



With the first barrier of his Resistance down, Stella moved on to the next step: She slipped out of her Panties, making sure he got an Eyeful as she did! Jeff got a much closer view when she backed up to him again and displayed herself licentiously!

"What's the matter? Isn't that why you got married in the first place? To get a steady supply of what I'm offering you? Now don't disapoint me, Jeff; I want a nice, long **deep** kiss!"

"**NO!** I won't go any further with this Insanity! You can't make me! Nothing you can do will force me to-to lower myself to That!"



"That's what they all say... In the beginning!" Stella Savage went across the room and slid back a panel in the wall. Behind it was a man tied to a chair like Jeff, but with a garrote around his neck! The towering Woman easily lifted him, chair and all, and set it opposite Jeff. To the man in the iron collar, she said, "Now Sam, would you like to kiss me between the legs? *Hmmm?*"

"Yes," He croaked, barely able to breathe, "There... or Anywhere!"

"See?" She said to Jeff, "He's learned how to behave, but it's too late for him! Wouldn't you rather be nice to me now? Before you find yourself in his place?"

She turned the handle of the Torture Device an extra notch.



"I'll do it!" Jeff cried fearfully as Sam struggled for breath.

"That's what I like to hear!" Stella smiled knowingly, "You have a strong Survival Instinct, Jeff." She pressed against his face, and he did what was expected of him. At the same time, she grabbed Sam by the hair and gave the Garrote another half-turn... and another! "Remember, Jeff: You can resist me; It's natural and I expect it. I even enjoy it! But give me too much trouble, and I'll do something to you that you won't like... Not at all!"



The choking ring around Sam's neck was loosened enough for him to draw in air -- barely! -- and he was shoved back into the hidden alcove, the panel closed once more. Ms. Savage freed Jeff and ordered him onto her bed. The naked man went where he was told. She stripped down to her Corset, then donned a curious pair of Panties and stood over him on the Mattress! He could only wait nervously to see what new indignity she intended to visit upon him.... he couldn't have imagined then how much further his training would take him!



"Now," The smirking Domazon squatted over him, almost atop his head, "Why don't you do more of that Kissing... the way I taught you! And maybe if you do a good job -- MAYBE -- I won't do what I have in mind for you! Think you can win my approval, you little wimp?"

"I'll try," There was a tremor in his voice.

As he went to work, Stella knew she had him beat. Fear of being sat on, of being smothered, of the garrote, or injury to his precious male parts was more persuasive than his revulsion at what she was making him do!



After what seemed like hours, she said, "That was good... a commendable effort! Too bad it wasn't good enough! Too bad for you, that is, but Nice for me!" She liked to make men think they could have avoided punishment... that it was their fault... if they tried harder next time, they might satisfy her impossible-to-meet standards! She shifted position and told him to take a good look at her panties. "Notice how they lace up along the center of my Gorgeous Bottom? See how the Lacing has a certain give to it? Why do you suppose they're designed that way? Care to guess?"



Jeff was too frightened to do more than stammer out a few syllables assuring her he couldn't deduce why they were made that way. She chuckled and gave him a Clue:...

"See how tight I can pull the Laces? How snugly I can make these panties fit? Why do you think they're so adjustable?"

"I don't know," He insisted. A shiver ran through his body. How could he appease this lusty Giantess?

"You don't seem to be any good at guessing -- so I'll tell you: The Laces are there so I can loosen them, stuff your head into my panties, then pull them tight and tie them to keep you snugly fitted against me! Isn't that delightful?"



Jeff was far from delighted. He pushed the back of his head down into the mattress as far as he could from her looming backside.

"You can try to dissuade me," She brought her rump lower. "But I doubt it will work! Mmmm, that's right, give me lots of kisses, sneak your tongue between the laces as I loosen them! But I honestly don't think you'll have any luck changing my mind. Of course, you can't stop yourself from trying, can you? A whole day of what you're doing now would be better than One Hour trapped in my panties, wouldn't it? Don't worry, though... I'll teach you to **love** it!



The Husband-Trainer sat on Jeff's head... wagged her broad posterior against his face.... allowed him to try to satisfy her with his mouth. But what he didn't know was that the only thing that would satisfy her was to torment him and have him worship her orally! She bounced slightly on his nose and mouth.

"Mind if I smoke? I certainly wouldn't want to offend you with the SMELL of my cigarette! I get the impression you're very sensitive to what you consider to be unpleasant ODORS. What's that you're trying to say? I can't understand you -- Your words are muffled for some reason! Well, if I can't enjoy what you're saying, I can definitely understand and enjoy what you're DOING!"



"One way you might win my favor -- and get a headstart on learning how to please your wife -- would be to kiss me somewhere else, Jeff! You can give a woman great satisfaction that way. Best of all, you can do it for a lo-o-ng time without having her finish! It's the perfect comeuppance for a guy like you, who is guilty of being too selfish to make his wife cum! To show you how kind I can be, I'll even loosen up these laces to make it easy for you to get in close and do the best job possible! And unless you want to learn how hard I can squeeze those two Nuggets between your legs, you'd better do an exceptional job between mine!"

Before he could say anything, she plumped herself down over his face!



"That was terrific," She congratulated after she at last decided he was finished, "In fact, it was so good, that now I'm going to seal your head inside my panties! What's that? You say I told you I'd let you stay OUT if you did a good job? Silly boy -- you got it Backwards! What I meant was that if you did a great job down there, I'd put you IN my panties! After all, I wouldn't want someone locked inside there who couldn't do it right, would I? You tried extra hard, and now you'll get your reward... a nice long period with your head caught under my panties! BRAVO, Jeff!" She clapped for him and laughed at his defeated expression.



Before she put him in, Stella slipped on another garment -- transparent and very snug! -- over her panties. She stuffed Jeff's head in through an opening provided for that purpose. "By the way," She said before he was all the way in, "What I just put on will make your little Prison there *air-tight!* There's a valve stem on my hip that will give you just enough air to keep breathing. But you'll want to keep very busy in there, because if you don't do your best, I'll pinch the valve shut and you'll be in big trouble -- Understand?"

He nodded against her backside and she pushed his head in the rest of the way. There was a sudden noise. "Oops! Sorry, must have been something I ate!"



"That's a good little husband," She told him, "I'll make you a proper ass-kissing wife-licker in no time! Making you live to serve her will take a bit longer... but I don't mind! It'll be worth the effort every time she calls to tell me how obedient you've become, how eager you are to kiss her feet, how frustrated you get when she teases you sexually but doesn't give you any release... and how you beg to be allowed to gratify her with your mouth, in the desperate hope it'll soften her heart and she'll let you have Sex!"



"She told me about that little Cabin you have in the woods; You won't have any time to go running off there, so right now -- while you're being trained! -- she's having it bulldozed and selling the land at a healthy profit! Hey, stop fussing down there! Don't worry about cabin -- Worry that you won't keep me happy and I'll do **this!**" Her fist slammed him hard in his three-piece set. Jeff gasped sharply just as Stella pinched the air-valve shut! By the time she released it, he was running out of air.

"Keep your mind on your work or I'll suffocate you!" She warned.



"Ohhhh," Ms. Savage moaned, "That's fantastic! Your wife will have to share you with all her friends once they find out how talented you are! In fact, she may want to share you, just to add to your Humiliation! You're getting me so hot, I might roast you like a Turkey in there! Ha-ha! Uh-oh, I'm going to -- **Ooops!** -- Sorry about that, I must have had too much rich food yesterday. I can't seem to -- **Whoops!** -- control myself, can I? Better hope those fumes leak out the air-valve, or you're going to be overcome by my Gas Attack!"



The more excited Stella became, the less control she seemed to have. Jeff was barely able to inhale in his smelly prison. His trainer held his head in position and toyed with the valve to keep him fearful of a lost air supply if he slackened his efforts. Though the hinges of his jaw were sore and his tongue ached at its base from overuse, he continued to lick and probe.

"Harder! Deeper! You may not have much skill with that shrimp pecker of yours," She said between vocalizations of pleasure, *"But you're going to be a perfect Tongue-Slave! You'll be your Wife's lick-boy! Her Licky-Boy! Ha-ha-ha-haaa!"*



The heavy blond crushed her rear end down on Jeff's face as she neared that rare, much sought-after Apex of sexual gratification... the Back Door Climax! It had taken him a long time to bring her to the verge, but now she was about to explode. Stella Savage held onto him, clenching her buttocks, and began to quake violently. Wordless murmurs escaped her lips and rose slowly to a loud, excited crescendo! She *bounced* up and down, heedless of his pain and his need for air, until her finale had peaked..... and then relaxed with the ebbing Waves of Sensation as they receded into a soft, lingering afterglow.



Ronson's heart fell when Stella turned to him and sighed, "That was so-o-o good, I'm going to let you do it again! Let me light up a cigarette and we'll start all over!" The thought of having his confinement prolonged even further sent Jeff into a Panic; He began to squirm violently beneath the dominant woman. She merely enjoyed a few drags on her cigarette, then squeezed the air-valve until he settled down! A few more rounds like this and he'd be ready for her to start *advanced* indoctrination! How was it she had described it to that guy Winston last week? "We'll empty you out like a tube of toothpaste, then fill you back up with OUR ideas... Our rules... OUR EVERYTHING!"



The husband under her was physically weakening, but Stella didn't let that keep her from her goal. She simply pulled the laces of her smother-panties tight as they would go, then tied them off! Jeff's face was now lost in her ass. She hunched her hips impatiently and ordered him to get his tongue to work. "*Your wife is also selling your Golf Clubs,*" She knew taunts like that would get his adrenaline flowing... which would give him more energy to keep up with her runaway libido! "*From now on, when you get a Hole-In-One, it'll be with your tongue!*" She laughed at his helplessness.



"You'll be living a whole new life after you leave us," Stella cut his air supply once again, to coax him into a more vigorous performance. "You'll try harder at work, so you can earn more and give it all to your wife. Every day, you'll rush home to wait on her, run errands for her, do the housework. When she takes you into the Bedroom, you'll hope with every bit of your heart that she'll let you have some release from the endless sexual tension you feel. But she'll just tease you... let you satisfy her... then leave you with your sperm so backed-up you can taste it!"



"That's good, Jeff! Keep on doing what you're doing! I can't believe you're actually going to finish me off again that way!" She rocked forward and back, shuddered, grabbed his head and pushed him so tightly into her ass he was afraid she'd flatten his nose! As her Orgasm approached, she moaned softly to him, "I hope your Wife makes you sleep on the floor... and eat from a Dog Bowl... and if she let's you Cum, it's by playing with yourself... in front of all her friends... while she laughs... and makes you -- ah! -- cum on the -ooo!- floor and l-l-l-lick it upppppppPPPHHHHH!!!"



Despite everything, Jeff had managed to hold onto a few shreds of his pride, a scrap of his self-esteem. He might have continued clinging to those salvaged bits of Ego... but then he learned that this session with Stella Savage was just the *beginning* of his Training... which would go on for the rest of the Week! Any defense he might have mustered by the Second Day was no use, because she switched tactics: Now, her weapon was Sexual Arousal! She flaunted herself at Jeff for hours, kept him horny, let her *touch* her, even... but never allowed him to finish!



The Third Day, she mixed both techniques, putting him off-balance once again! Arousal now alternated with extreme demands for satisfaction, until he didn't know what to expect from one moment to the next. Once, he dared to touch himself, to try to alleviate the aching in his testicles from non-stop yearning! The big blond sat on him and brandished her fist in his face.

"I see you trying to play with that little Pencil of yours again, and I'll flatten your nose!" She smiled with deadly seriousness, and Jeff moaned in despair,

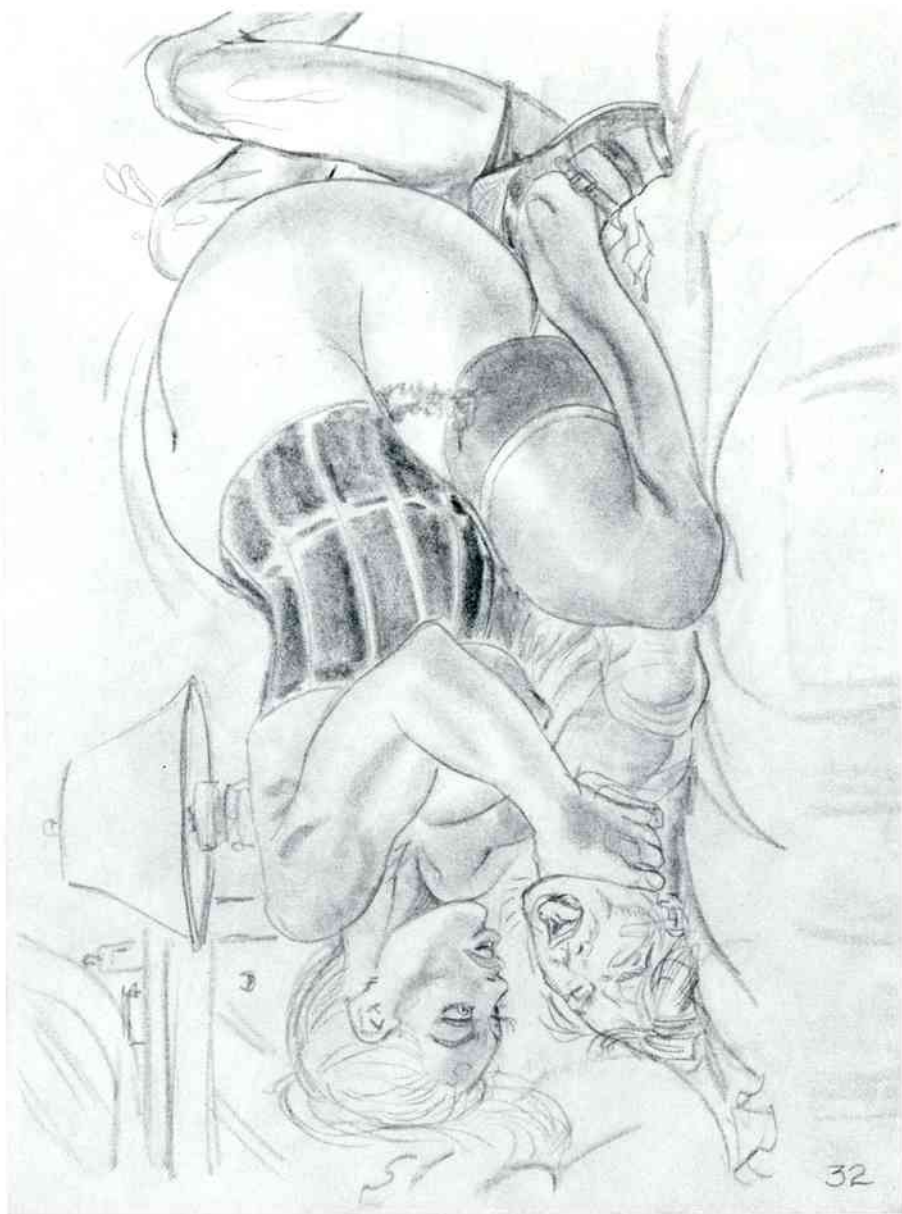
"Do anything you want, but please let me cum! Let me go down on you again! Something! Anything!"



In his confused mind, Stella's satisfaction became melded with his own: The more she denied him relief, the stronger his need to give it to her! Sometimes she was gently teasing, "You really are cute, Jeff. Maybe I should stop your training... no more Rough Stuff... and keep you for myself. I think I could really get to like you!" Then she would become a ferocious She-Beast, leaping atop him, crushing his lips to hers, filling his mouth with her tongue. "Or I could just bite off your pathetic little tool, and stop your Whining Complaints about No Sex!"



By the Fifth Day, she had undermined his sense of Reality, confusing him about who he was and how long he'd been there. Nurse Kindly would abuse him, and Stella would come to his Rescue, so he started to think of her as his Protector. One of them would smother him to unconsciousness, and when he awoke they would switch roles! One time, Stella even teased him by saying, "Your Wife is so disgusted with you, she doesn't even want you back! We agreed to take you as Payment for her bill: You'll never leave us now, Jeff!"



On the next-to-last day, they blindfolded him, to heighten his sense of Touch and Smell, sharpening the addiction they had planted in him for Female Bodies.... making it irreversible! Nurse Kindly stuck her head in the Room where Stella was sitting on Jeff and announced: "Good news! Mrs. Ronson wants us to keep her Husband an extra Three Days! She wants him broken down so completely he won't be able to go to Work or even leave the house alone, he'll be so hooked on serving her! We haven't had a Ten-Day Training Session since that college professor!"

"And we reduced him to Jelly!" She tore off Jeff's blindfold. "Lucky you!"



They trained Jeff around the Clock... working in shifts... sometimes overlapping... Nurse Kindly had an unquenchable thirst for orgasms. She would bring Jeff to near-orgasm, then squeeze the base of his penis, so he could exhaust himself with the sensations of finishing but never actually ejaculate. It only made his detoured desire that much stronger! She also relished describing Medical Procedures that would make his condition even worse: *"Maybe you'd like a Penile Implant! Then I could keep you erect as long as I wanted, and when it was time for you to Cum, I'd let the air out, and you wouldn't be able to squirt!"*



By Day Ten, he was blubbing, pleading to be allowed to go home and serve his Wife, which was all he wanted to do now, so well had they trained him. They laughed and put him under a curious plexiglass bowl with a camera mounted inside it. Nurse Kindly announced she had a full bladder and sat down directly over his face. Jeff knew, at last, they were going to break him down to the lowest level. His cries for Mercy brought only jeers as the final indignity was enacted. The video camera caught it all, so his Wife could replay it any time his behavior was less than perfect. By the end of that last day, Jeff Ronson was gone. Replaced for good by Slave Jeff... addicted to Servitude!

